UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LEYDEN BARD.

The rosy-gal smiled on Hawkeye chimney,
The mountain boy he smiled in sleep,
And heralded day with its hearty tongue
As morning in glimmers on Nature's throne.
Through Switzerland's valleys was heard the song
Aloud of the light-hearted peasant boy,
While forth o'er the hills to his food employ,
He was gaily ascending the mountain bey.

His task was to follow the fleecy flock
That loosened on the brink of cascade rock,
From whence high summits in silence stood,
The avalanche wildly its thunders threw!
He planted around on the clear blue sky
With a cautious eye and a watchful tone,
And deep were the feelings of heart-felt joy,
Which do-lared the mountain boy to be monarch there.

A monarch might envy his noble look;
As he rested there on his sceptre-crook,
And proudly gave ear to the echoing strain
From his native home 'mid the Alpine snow
How fleeter the mountain chamois's game,
When viewed from the steeps of his glacier'd throne
Ah, the truest pure wealth is a wealthy love!
He melody now in sweet raptures stole
O'er his fervent heart, and it thrilled his soul.
You voice, 'twas the child of his pure heart,
Whose life if from infancy formed a part,
And oft, as with fondness he gazed on her,
Had playfully fostered the mountain boy!

A form most complete was the dark girl's robe
Executed by Fido—a faithful guide!—
Now bounding, then fawning in sportive play,
Whilst the mountain boy sang in the morning ray.
Young Joey was fair as the new bloom rose,
And fresh as the breath of the breeze that blows;
They parted—and death can alone destroy
The vow her young bosom had given the boy.

Yet a few days more, and the dawn of May
Was marked on their blissful bridal-day,
On the flowery mead of the mountain green,
The young and the gay formed a like-like scene.
There stood the glad shepherd, and at his side
Was Joey the lovely, his smiling bride,
While mid-choristers, happiness, peace and joy,
Crowned the bridal-feast of the mountain boy.

Original Tales.

GABLE END FARM.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOW OR NEVER."

CHAPTER IV.

Never was there a luckier thought than that of Arthur's, when prompted him to knock at the garden gate of Gable End Farm. He heard the sound of music within, the door was soon opened, and his errand soon told. The man said there was no steady work just now, nothing to be done, but he was in want of a spectator-tress for cucumbers and to weed among the strawberries.

"That will just suit me," said Arthur, "for I know something about those trouble-some insects.

"You do, do you, then I must call Madam Loring, for these cucumbs destroy all our fine fruit."

Mrs. Loring knew the young man at once, and felt the greatest pity for him. She saw that he was not accustomed to hard labor, and feared if he was to remain at the farm, once more would prevent him from working all day. What he said about the cucumbs alone was so losing evil, that she felt at a loss a matter of great importance that the ravages of the insects should be checked, and determined to hire the young man and test his abilities. At present he was to weed among the plants, and he was directed to come to the house at sunset.

In the little business room sat Mrs. Loring and Aunt Nellie, when Arthur was ushered in to them, and after he was seated Mrs. Loring rose and put a dollar into his hand.

"I don't generally give laborers a dollar a day," said she, "nor do I intend by this to give you the like sum every day, but I have been speaking to Aunt Nellie—she is our aunt Nellie,—and she knows as much, or more, about such matters than I do,—I was telling her that you were all about the cucumbs, and that you might be the means of our getting rid of those voracious insects."

"Aye, young gentleman," said Aunt Nellie, "your future would be made if you can conquer that enemy. Your face is very familiar to me; you all seem to me, which I believe."

"Yes, very near. My name is Arthur Enslen, and I am now entirely out of employment, which is a grievous evil to me, for I have to pay for my mother has no income, and I am her sole dependence."

"Well, all is alright and fair, so pray consider yourself as engaged in the garden at a dollar a day, until we see how it fares with the cucumbs, if you conquer them you can make your own terms. Aunt Nellie and some of my daughters will go over to see your mother presently, she dare not venture in the wide world but the poor sick girl. It is 'how is Celia?' what does the doctor say now?' when do you think she will be able to come down?' and so on, till I am fairly weary. As to the cucumbs, he never spoke a word to him about that. And that is not the same with our dear Celia. Does not she worry, about Arthur, and does not she wonder what he will say when he finds that the bull's horns grazed her throat."

"Well, if you are right then there will be no occasion for a tragedy as Gable End Farm, for I say to you, Dr. Malcolm is no lover with a calm lot her love whom she may."

Aunt Nellie laughed, but Dr. Malcolm did really become attached to the sweet tempered patient girl, and for many days after she was allowed to sit up while with her aunt, she did not feel half so comfortable if he was not at her side cutting little thin pieces of toast for her to nibble, begging off for her medicine when she thought he ought to eat more than was proper.

"Mr. Bruddenell, Ben Simmons, Edward Upton, with Arthur and Dr. Malcolm are the sum-in-law for us," said Aunt Nellie. "Five and nine are fourteen, we want nine more."

"Not Edward, indeed, you silly aunt," for Helen and I never mean to marry, so you have only to look for seven. A single woman has surely privileges, and in our case, there will be no want of new and dear relations to keep our affection alive. Leave us out in your calculations if you please."

"Yes," said Helen, "an old maid I intend to be, and I know that if I am only half as good as you are, Aunt Nellie, I shall be as happy as mother is with all her children. Why what should we do, what would we have done had there been no Aunt Nellie to take care of us?"

So they hung round her neck and she shed tears, and they were tears of joy, and she thought they were quite right, for a single woman has duties to perform, and is of as much consequence if she takes a right view of the question as if she were married. A married woman has duties to perform likewise, when they are centered in her own family, her first care is to contribute to their welfare, she cannot go much beyond the little spot on which she is tethered, but small as this is it occupies all her time. A single woman is exempt from many of the physical sufferings which are entailed on those that have children, she can therefore be of essential service to those who are suffering from such causes, and should she seek a situation in some measurable house in New York, then the younger then, as I have asserted, the hopes of the father were rent; nor was he unprepared. With failing health and a strong arm George entered upon a farther life of usefulness and worth.

Years rolled on. Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford were gathered to their final resting place, and George became the kindred of an amiable lovely girl. The two elder brothers were pursuing their different careers. But their little Nellie's quaintness to reconcile them to the parting of one of their beloved sisters. It went like a page to the heart of each of her uncles when it was first made clear to them that she was not to sleep under the same roof with them. Ben Simmons, as was before observed, was very fond of all the family, but he used to laugh by himself at the idea of his never having a house of his own.

"I tell you what it is," said he one day, to Edward Upton as they were looking from Gable End Farm from the opposite side of the road; "It will not be more than a year from this before that whole mouth and the house will be covered with brick and mortar, and as soon as the hill is levelled Gable End Farm will exist only in story."

"It is painful to think of it," said Edward, "but the city is fairly galloping up this way, and it will be useless to look for good dwelling so locked up. Mrs. Loring cannot bear the idea of giving up the farm, I really think it will be the death of her or me at all."

"No one speaks of it to her," said Ben, "and my only surprise is that Aunt Nellie should be so fond of the house as to let her loves so well. My Emma, by dint of repitition, can now listen to my remarks without pain—what the singular family it is, I could rubbing the watched man of a beloved wife and child. Two little girls, of the tender age of six and eight years, were alone left to cheer his existence. But in less than half a year, a severe cold ending in consumption bereft him of his wife. Finding his health and approaching, he addressed a letter to each of his brothers, confiding to their care and love his motherless children.

He hoped they would have reached the cottage by the closing scene of life, for a night himself have placed the helpless children in their arms and expressed his wishes. But it was not to be so: and not until the day after the funeral did Gilbert and William arrive at to the tomb did Gilbert and William arrive at their home. Both deplored at finding that they had arrived too late, they for some time had looked for to the interval of death and the death of the their youngest and favored brother. They looked forth upon the scenes of their youth, had forborne to think of and linked in memory with him gone from them. There was the brook from whose pure source their depths they had lured the timid fish; yonder was the hill down which they had in swift current to their sleds; and there the green sward on the fallow once trying they chased the shy squirrel from his covert or gathered the nuts from their hiding place. The daring insolence of those people," said she, after they left the house, "will be the death of us all, and so to say nothing of two of them, would be seen in the same carriage with them!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Monthlies.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

THE SISTERS.
A Sketch.

BY MRS. C. L. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

Morning breaks in life and beauty, scatters the dew over the earth, and the pacific confidence with comes the life-giving sun—the misty mantle of night is spread by his beams, and the gentle sprigging grass and budding flower open to the fresh fleeting breath, sprinkled by the hand of night. All nature rejoices in his enrapturing presence—yet is tender coolness the freshly unspoiled.

Through the close shutters of one of the windows, as if vainly striving to shut out the brightness from the chamber of death, the rays of the morning sun streamed in, as weeping and wo for the strong man has been brought low, and the sorrows of the widow and child soul about to take its flight from the frail tabernacle.

Who that hath stood by the death-bed of one beloved, the fallen one trying to cheer the bleeding heart, the last glimmer of life's feeble lamp, the last kiss languish increased, and the desolation more complete, by looking forth upon the unsympathizing gladsomeness of nature, the sun shining in all its splendor, the birds around? for, is the selfishness of our grief? Are we grieved all should be attended by the same gloom which excludes joy from our hearts? Is any thing lovely or enchanting or beautiful sky—by the bright, shining sun: is any thing sweet to the fettered chamber of our souls, where sorrow and gloom sit brooding, the music of the birds and the perfume of insects, grate but harshly on the heart attuned for sighs and sadness.

Such was the grief of the two little children when informed by good Aunt Nanny that their dear father was dead. They only knew that their dear mother, pale and cold, had been taken from their bosoms to be seen no more, they were told that she had gone to heaven, to live with God and the angels, and would never be sick any more: and now they knew, that he who had comforted and cherished their beloved father was also to go to that happy place, to be with her, and they believed and rejoiced as went, their hand kisses. Death, therefore, inspired them with no terror: they only were sad that they too might go to that beautiful home and it was long before their good nurse could divert their minds away from the lifeless remains of their dear parent.

CHAPTER II.

Three happy years passed in the quiet home of the elder Mr. Rutherford—together they had climbed the hill, together chased the gay-winged butterfly, and each, with needle sewing, had daily toil the well-worn path, which wound through copse and meadow, to the village school. The different tastes and dispositions of thoughtless lads early denigned themselves, affording another forcible illustration of the opposite characters which may be found even among the members of one family.

Gilbert, the eldest, was of a serious, contemplative turn of mind, more fond of his books than of assisting in the labors of the farm, which, together with a naturally delicate constitution, had induced his father to bestow upon him a better literary education than he could afford for the other two boys, whose only pride was in the thought that the seeds of learning therein sown would yield the same abundant harvest.

William, the second son, was of a gay and joyous temperament, yet exceedingly selfish and opinionated. More fond of sport than of study or labor, he early evinced a predilection for a city life, and was therefore permitted to seek a situation in some mercantile house in New York; then the younger then, as he

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1856.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one novel.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Allen Pendleton, Jr., formerly of Bonyer Town, New Jersey, who is in account for this paper.

Of Dr. E. Dunster, formerly of Terre Haute, do.

Of J. S. Adams, formerly of Hunesburg, Vermont, do.

Of P. Sweeny, formerly of Maine, N. York, do.

Of Jas. Rathbon, formerly of Albion, N. York, do.

Of A. G. Fisher, formerly of 203 Linwood street, do.

Of A. V. Malone, formerly of Kentucky, do.

Of Henry Bonn, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa. do.

Of Cadet J. F. Hanson, formerly of West Point, New York, do.

Of Thos. Whitsel, formerly of Newport, Indiana, do.

Of Henry D. Joyner, formerly of Hillsboro', Ohio, do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Trustee's Sale," is declined.

"Belle," is received, and shall have a place.

"Cape May" is more enthusiastic than rational. No doubt the spot is "delightful," but that is no reason why "Carlos" should make a fool of himself.

The Editor of the Post has not been killed, believed to meet with family quarrels, Mrs. Castle.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

There has been great and diligent enquiry during the week, for the oldest inhabitant. When discovered, he was found in a cellar, wearing the Sandwich Island original ball costume—to wit, a pair of suspenders. The question was put to him in dulcet tones, and his actual veracity was formally appealed to. "Did you, sir, in your time remember such a hot summer as this month weather?" And as the perspiration oozed from his venerable front with the labor of answering, he distinctly and slowly enunciated in answer the words—"No, never." We quote the reply without any admiration point, as the day or month on which it was made can not for any of the superfluous pepper of punctuation.

The burning and stifling heat of the sun has indeed been almost beyond human endurance. On some days, in the vain hope that air in motion must necessarily be cool, people have sought places where there was an apparent draft, but it was only to discover that the breeze, when it did come, had been kissing the bricks because calorie-laden, like the wind from a baker's oven.

But—and here—we are pained to find frequent accounts, in conversation, and through our exchanges, of actual suffering and even of death, through exposure and imprudence in the too copious or sudden use of cold water. The invalid, already prostrated by disease and long continued weakness, runs after so great distress by the extraordinary heat of the weather. The only relief is patience—and the exercise of right reason in the midst of avarice—and the command of inclination and practice of self-denial. We must relax our struggles for gold, and drinks of our greediness for lucre and gain. We must seek to perform, as far as possible, our indispensable menial or physical labor, at an early hour in the day, and make it our first inquiry to discover how early the daylight serves. We must put on the task of no eagerness or hurry—we serve to cold drinks and refreshments, but beware, lest we gratify the palate momentarily with the exigence of the health—even of life.

But above all we must avoid all license to inflamation of temper, and all indulgence in anger. For nothing which so heats and inflames the body as a disturbed and irritable mind. The best way to render philosophical is to be unobtrusive and practises patience and meekness. He who lets a foul pen out of his humor while the thermometer is at 97, gives the foul the advantage of a tormentor; and he who lets insignificant trifles disturb his serenity in the baking sense, arms them with stings, and becomes his own worst enemy.

Eat and drink moderately, chiefly at morning and night, and be little upon your meals serve you at noon. Above all, be sure that at no time of the day you apply—

"Hot and rebellious liquors to the blood."

Complain as little as possible—bear the heat, —that is with any querulous spirit—and you will be able to keep all the cooler. Indulge in no scurvy or another unmannerly letter in temper, or greater comfort than your own—for you may rest assured that the condition of mind is much nearer to revenge than either the haughty proud or the discontented lowly are willing to admit.

All who can afford the time and means, are running away from the city to the Capes, or to some other warm weather paradise—or place deemed a paradise in anticipation. It is doubtful whether such fitters find all the comforts they expect after all. Dr. Johnson's tale of the Prince who was determined to shut himself out from all care and sorrow for a month, and to that end went into retirement with a select party, finds illustrations every day. To be truly contented is rather to suit yourself to things as you find them, than to waste time and patience in endeavoring to find things suited to an impossible standard.

Political matters and general news seem to have fallen into such a state as the apathy of the summer solstice. There is an appendix of news from Mexico and Texas, but it gives no feeling that the one or the other is expected before. There is a rumor of the resignation of Mr. Buchanan, but it lacks a great essentialfact confirmation, merely, but probability.

We are pained to give, among our news items, the account of a most disastrous steam explosion, near New Orleans. The persons on whom the responsibility rests are to be put upon trial for manslaughter, and we hope that the case will be so conducted as to do justice in the premises. The criminally low estimate which is placed upon human life in this country, by the operation of indifference or of false sympathy for the culpable, must be removed, before any person can with safety trust himself to a public conveyance.

NEW FIRE APPARATUS.

It is stated in the St. Louis papers that a couple of enterprising citizens of that city have invented a new character of ladder, to be used by the fire department. A patent is now being obtained for the invention. The ladder is made of chain, and by a simple motorer power, in the space of a few minutes elevates a man and four bales of hose to the top or any part of the highest building, at the same time spreading out and resting two other ladders of any size on the ground, the building on which the main ladder is thrown.

We could wish that the machine were a little more particularized in the report. The above gives about as clear an impression as we get from the problem of a man's lifting himself by the waistband of his breeches.

PIE PLANT.

The plant is a recipe for dumplings of the pie plant, or rhubarb, which it may be worth Mrs. Castle's while to believe, while she is waiting to get an extra XX out of her husband's pocket.

Take twenty stalks of rhubarb, and boil them in a quart of water. When it comes to a hard boil, take it off the fire; strain off the water; mash the rhubarb and make it very sweet with brown sugar. Have ready half a pint of rice boiled till soft and dry in a quart of water. Mix and beat the rhubarb and rice well together. Then mould it in cups, and set them on ice, or in a cool place. Just before dinner turn them out on a large dish. Eat them with sweetened cream, into which a nutmeg has been grated.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

The New Orleans papers bring us the particulars of a most fearful steamboat explosion, which occurred at the foot of Perdido street, in that city, on the first instant. The steamboat Marquette, Capt. Turpin, was advertised to leave at four o'clock for Louisville and Cincinnati, and as usual, at this season of the year, a goodly number of cabin and deck passengers went on board in readiness to take their departure for their various ports of destination. About three quarters of an hour after the Marquette was just going ahead, the wheels having only made one revolution, when one of the boilers burst and was immediately followed by the other, causing great loss of life, maiming and scalding many persons on board, drowning others, and ripping and tearing the boat to pieces.

The persons who saw the explosion describe it as a most awful scene—terrible and fatal was the force of the explosion: did not go aft, but went up, carrying into the air the mangled bodies of the portion of the boilers and machinery, and fragments of the boat, which were thrown to a great height, and were scattered in every direction. Mr. Benjamin Bell, of this city, was at the wheel, was thrown upward from the air, and fell on the deck of the "Yazoo City," [city alongside—he was not much injured.

Capt. Turpin was walking aft at the time of the explosion, to see that the boat cleared the levee, [Lake Pontchartrain, and escaped without further injury than a bruise.

There were a great number of persons on the Morrisons and boiler decks at the time of the explosion, some of whom were killed and some drowned, while others were dreadfully scalded and maimed; few, if any, escaped without injury.

As to the causes which produced this dreadful explosion, we have, as yet, but very little now. The Marquette was a two boiler boat, about a year old, has been ranging in the Alabama river trade, was owned by Capt. Turpin and Capt. Thos. Adams, and we are informed was not insured. We hear that she was under steam at eight o'clock and it was kept up all day.

The boat was furnished with Evans's safety valves, and Hamilton, the engineer in charge, as third engineer, represents that there was sufficient water in the boilers. This is all we have about it. The general opinion, however, seems to be that there was very little water in the boilers and the appearance of the bodies of the killed pretty good evidence that such was the case.

The boat sunk soon after the explosion, until there was but little water in the ladies' cabin, and Never have we seen so complete a wreck as this—every thing on the forward part of the boat was swept away.

How many lives have been lost by this terrible accident is not known—indeed it can never be accurately ascertained, as several who were going as passengers had not registered their names, and it is feared that many of the deck passengers are lost. The ladies and children in the cabin were all saved and escaped in safety, except a small girl, who we learn was scalded, but not seriously.

The Picayune relates a most melancholy incident connected with this calamity. Mrs. Decker and child, of New York, are known to be lost—no well known by her only son, whom she had left behind her in the city, and who, in accents of wild despair, blended with deep filial feeling, proclaimed aloud his bereavement. He had lost just what he never feared, and was yet standing on the wharf to obtain a last sight of her, when the explosion took place. Half crazed with grief, he plunged headlong into the water with frantic strength, and called aloud his parent's name with the vain hope that she might still hear him. At last he was where no human aid could reach her! The scene was heart-rending beyond the power of language, and the sympathy of the by-standers and of the crew killed, wounded, and missing, is as near as we can ascertain, between 60 and 70. The second cabin and the forward deck was one of the most heart-rending description. In one place lay a body with a head crushed in; in another both legs torn off and above the knees; some with frightful wounds and gashes upon their heads and limbs—others without scarcely a particle of skin upon their bodies, from the effects of the steam and scalding water. A lad of some fifteen years of age, named Lewis Lewis, with both legs broken and badly scalded. A deck hand, by the name of James Coleman, was also thrown upon the levee with both legs blown off, and expired in a few moments.

The following list of the killed and wounded we take from the Jeffersonian:

SAVAN.—Mrs. Wood and Miss McCord. Miss Lydia Pace, Miss Sarah Smith, Mrs. Harriet Cook, of Mobile; Mr. Alexander Leary of Cincinnati; none of whom were injured.

Slightly Wounded and Scalded.—F. A. Turpin, captain of the boat; John W. Lee, clerk of do.; Sydney Frye, wife and two children, of Limerick, Ireland; Christophe Gueylam, France; Francois Legleau, do.

Dangerously Wounded and Scalded.—Hamilton, slave of Capt. Turpin—very badly. Pahon Ireland, 3d engineer, Providence, R. I., her bottom, spine fractured, and badly scalded. Miss Herkins, deck hand, Donegal; Wm. Jones, carpenter, Franklin county Ala.; Theodore Chandler, Georgia; Joseph Pilney, do.; Capt. Clark Black W. Martin, of steamboat Belle Poile, Black Warrior river; Luther Hathaway, slave of do. do. do.; Wm. B. *Daniels, Boston, passenger; Jas. Mitchell, Liverpool, do.; John Mellen, New Albany, Ia., do.; *Bernard Osborn, a lad, Indiana, do.; *Bernard Osborn, a lad, Indiana, do.; *Thos. Hall, a German, name or place unknown.

From the report of physicians, those marked with an asterisk are not expected to recover.

Dangerously Wounded.—Robert Smith, Smith, mate of the Marquette; Samuel Ivens, Mobile; Wm. Hall, Mobile; John Hall, do.; Wm. Horrick, [of Greenborough, Ala.; back-keeper; Wm. Campbell, cook of the Belle Poile; Wm. Wenger; Mr. Martin, of Tennessee, do; Mrs. Decker and child, New York, do.

Dead.—Two were found dead soon after reaching the charity hospital; one died on his way there, and the body of another was picked up on the levee, with both legs blown off.

The following is a list of the dead:

Captain Turpin, and the first engineer, Samuel Hayes, have been put under bail in $2,000 to await their trial under the laws of the United States.

ANOTHER MARVEL.

The New York Tribune announces an interesting discovery in the science of mechanics in the pursuit of which has been the subject of many experiments, hitherto, however, more curious than practical. It is stated that a gentleman of Pennsylvania has discovered the means of applying the force generated by the expansion and contraction of heat of railroad Cars and Trains, so as to reduce immensely the cost of motive power. The invention is to be applied further to the end of running off the track, and so securing the safety of passengers from what has hitherto been a formidable and frightful source of fatal rapid motion. He is now taking out patents for this country, and intends to do so for all Europe. He proposes to sell his right to the public. Should his sanguine anticipations be realized, there is hardly a limit to the revolution which will follow the profits of the invention.

CAUTION.

Those who have charge of children should now be exceedingly careful to protect, as much as possible, their access to unripe fruit, and stale ripe fruit. Vegetables too long gathered being at this season mostly unripe, should be very carefully purchased. When the powers of digestion are exercised by exceedingly hot weather, the stomach should be carefully guarded against over exertion.

THE WEATHER.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday last will long be quoted as the three hot days of July. A correspondent of the United States Gazette gives the following comparative statements:

Since the 5th July, the weather has been oppressively warm. The mercury in a perfect shade at 7 o'clock ranging from 74 to 88, until Saturday the 12th, when it became still more oppressive, ranging at 7 A. M. on the 12th, 13 86, and on the 14th to 86, in the shade. At 2 o'clock we placed one of our thermometers in the sun immediately in the rays of the sun, and mercury rose to 122, which is 34 degrees above blood heat, and 30 above the boiling point of water.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the mercury stood at 78. At 10 o'clock it was 90. At 12 o'clock, 94, and at 9 o'clock 96 in the shade.

The hot Monday of last month (June 9) in the shade, was 96 in a perfect shade.

The last Sunday of July 2, 1843, the mercury rose to 96 in the shade, during mid-day. At 6 P. M. of said day, there was a tremendous thunder storm, (accompanied by a violent wind) which continued for about two hours, and did much damage. It afterwards became very cool for a week. The mercury was 60 degrees.

The month of July, 1826, was very hot. On 15 the mercury rose to 90 and 92 degrees. On 24 the mercury was 90 and 92 degrees. On 25 it was 92 and 94 degrees. On 26 it was 90. The hottest for ten years, and there has been none so warm since.

The following are gathered from the papers at different points. The warm weather would seem to be universal:

In Charleston, July 9, 94 degrees. July 12, Boston, 101; Rochester, 97; New York, 94, 101; Philadelphia, 101; Cincinnati, 99; Albany, 98; Roxbury, 95; Baltimore, 95; Hartford, 91. July 14, New York, 98; Brooklyn, 96. The farmers and others had a severe time of it. The Doylestown Intelligencer says: "We have not recently known as many days of so intense heat as we have had for a fortnight past. We certainly, this season not last. We give the height of the mercury for a few days past, in a thermometer kept in the shade on a north piazza. We would remark that it indicates a greater degree of heat than it would probably if hung against a house on the east side of a building, although it is situated in the shade, and where the air has a free circulation. On the 7th inst. at 2 o'clock P. M. 96; 8th, 96; 9th, 92; 10th, 98½; 12th, 103; 13th, 103½; 14th, 101½—each day at 2 o'clock, P. M."

The Boston Post says in relation to crops "Our farmers generally, have gathered their wheat and rye, having enjoyed uninterrupted weather for the last week. Many days is a favorable opportunity for gathering harvest perhaps never favored them. We are pleased to hear an almost uniform story from every section. Even some of the summer crops except hay, have the farmers found a deficiency. Oats, which was much checked in the early part of June, are now also recovered; and with favorable weather from this forward will yield an abundant crop. The weather is unsettled, however, and the ground is fast drying up, so that rain is needed for oats and potatoes. Corn is doing well, and would not suffer under a continuance of dry weather for a week."

We may remark in relation to the heat reported in this city, that the station of the thermometer of the correspondent of the Gazette, hardly indicates the heat that people in pursuing their avocations have been compelled to endure. On Monday, the shipyards and many other mechanics, closed work entirely. In such extremely hot weather, all would consult their comfort, as we have remarked in another place, by making their day begin earlier, and taking in the shade at noon.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

We have intelligence from Galveston to the 29th of June. There is little news additional to that previously received. The Texas President had signed the resolutions accepting the annexation resolutions of the United States. Mr. Samuel Haskell, the bearer of the news had from the United States Charge at Washington (Texas) to Galveston, died shortly after his arrival. He was buried with Masonic honors.

Funeral solemnities were to be observed on the 4th of July, as a tribute of respect to the memory of General Jackson.

From Mexico we learn that General Bustamente arrived at Vera Cruz on the 17th ult. and assumed his services as President of the Republic of the Mexican territory, and the dignity of the republic. He was rather coolly received by the Government, and it is reported that he refused the military honors tendered him on his arrival. It was believed that his return would be followed by set party, and that he had no desire to meddle in public affairs. The people generally were quiet, and not at all alarmed, notwithstanding the recent coup d'etat by the federalists and the partizans of Santa Ana, who are loud in denouncing the Government for want of energy. The state of the finances was presumed to be pretty low, as the officers in the employ of the Government complained of difficulty in obtaining payment of their salaries. Business was very dull. The publication of the new tariff law of the republic was expected to remain in force twenty days, when it would be changed. There was no fever, but it was generally feared that the yellow fever would prevail to a very aggravated extent at Vera Cruz.

Upon the passage of the annexation resolutions of the Congress of the United States, the Mexican Congress, (on the 4th, published,) declared the passage of a somewhat lengthy preamble or declaration, concludes as follows:

"In addition to the above, the Executive can call upon all her children to the defence of her national independence, threatened by the usurpation of Texas, which is consummated without by the decree of annexation passed by the Congress, and sanctioned by the President of the United States of America.

24. In consequence, the Government will call to arms all the forces of the army, according to the circumstances, and will declare war; and, for the preservation of public order, for the support of her institutions, and, in case of necessity, for the safety of the State, and of the Government, according to the powers given to it on the 8th of December, 1844, will raise the corps specified by the Bases, under the name of "Defenders of the Independence and of the Laws."

There is really not very definite decree, appears to be regarded by the best informed as a mere concession to public opinion. A formal declaration of war is the most probable one, were it made, could it be prosecuted in the present condition of Mexico.

THE SECESSION.

The members from the Established Church of Scotland continue to have become the Church leaving the old stock in the minority. We find it stated in one of our foreign journals, that it is about one year since the Free Church members have been erected at an expense of £385,000, of which £281,000 is already paid. There are 70 other churches in progress, which will be completed in the present year, and it is assumed that 140, or more, will be required in all. Ministers are wanted, raising the whole number of congregations in connection with the church, to 1,000. There is also a new college in course of building at £120,000. Last year the Sustentation Fund produced £87,500 yielding the ministers more than average stipend of £150. In the present year the produce of the fund is £75,000, yielding each clergyman £122. In addition to the sum annually raised for home and foreign missions in the two years, and £120,000 more for what is called the congregational fund. Besides this, £100,000 was raised and expended amounts to £228,000, exclusive of £40,000, subscribed for schools and a new college, which will be forthcoming when required.

A CIVILIZED NATION.

A letter published in the National Intelligencer says that a large party of people have been concerned near the mission established by the American Board at the Sabeno, who are described as having for centuries kept up the cause, and whose language is represented as one of the most perfect and harmonious in all the world, who have among them a tradition that some two centuries ago a stranger came to their country that contended them in civilization and the duties; who are acquainted with the facts and truths of the holy scriptures; and who are remarkably prepared for the reception of further knowledge. They are at present removing from the interior towards the coast.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

The Annual Commencement of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, took place on Thursday week. On the preceding day, Addresses were delivered before the Literary Societies of the College, by the Hon. B. F. Butler, of N. York, and W. S. Waters, Esq., of Somerset, 1851, and a Poem by N. C. Brooks, Esq., of Baltimore. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon eighteen young gentlemen constituting the graduating class, and the degree of Master of Arts, upon several Alumni of the Institution. The Rev. Benedict, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. R. J. Morgan, of Reading, received the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity, and the Rev. Wm. H. Gilbert, principal of the Bellevue Female Seminary, at Bordentown, N. J., that of Master of Arts.

The Rev. Dr. Durbin having resigned the Presidency of the College, for the purpose of entering upon his pastoral duties in the Union Church, 3rd Presb. st., Philadelphia, the Rev. Robert Emory was unanimously chosen to supply his place.

OLD TIMES.

Professor Shepard, of Amherst College, (Massachusetts) in his address on the recent occasion of making a horse path to the summit of Mount Holyoke, in some estimates of mountainous in olden time. In 1776, he said, there were scarce any highway in the Connecticut Valley, above the mouth of the Farmer River. That their very number bewilders the traveller. The Rev. Peter Powers, first minister of Hatfield, N. H., in passing from Deerfield to a sacrament, was drowned in the Arne about two miles from his own house. For want of roads, he had to row over to get a council to ordain him, and then row back to his people. Gen. Israel Putnam, on the trothed lovers in those days, who lived near the river, had to watch the passing canoes to catch a glimpse of the one to the marriage knell. The same reverend patriarch, Powers, as he was once passing down the river, was hailed from the bank by the ferryman and invited to come on the special purpose, to know if he would stop and marry Mr. Walbridge to Hannah Smith.

LUNATIC ASYLUM.

According to the last report from the site at Trenton, for the New Jersey Lunatic Asylum, is peculiarly eligible. It is described as possessing many advantages, among others a noble spring of water, which discharges 60,000 gallons a day, affording sufficient power to throw up a supply of water for the use of the Asylum. There are extensive buildings on the farm, and 30 acres of wood. The level is about 100 feet above the river, and the fine view over the neighboring country is described as being very extensive and beautiful.

The influences which please the sane, operate beneficially upon the unfortunates who are bereft of reason, and, not unfrequently restore them. It is one of the best proofs of the superior intelligence of the age that all means compatible with safety, are now resorted to, to treat the insane like human beings. The barbarities which were formerly practiced were enough to make a sound man mad.

WHALE STATISTICS.

Some interesting statistics of that perilous pursuit, the Whale Fishery, appear in a late number of the New London Morning News. From these it appears that there are over 700 Vessels belonging to the United States which are engaged in the whale fishery. These employ over 19,000 men, and import annually about 420,000 barrels of oil, and 2,500,000 lbs. of whalebone—the annual value of which is 5,000 dollars. Since January 31, there has been imported into New London, in eighteen vessels, over 30,000 barrels of oil and bone, about one third of which is distributed among the officers and crews. The whaling fleet of that port now consists of about 27 vessels, seven having been added the past year. New London is now second only to New Bedford in the business, and has more vessels than both ahead of Nantucket. The largest and smallest vessels engaged in the whale fishery in the world are owned in that city.

THE LAST WONDER.

We mentioned in a preceding number of the Post, that a method had been discovered of writing by the electric telegraph for the use of the New York Commercial Bureau; the machine at work. That paper says: "A most ingenious mechanism, by the agency of which we can judge, perfectly efficient. We are restricted from telling how its operations are performed, or giving a description of it, further than to say, that by means of the wheels and gearing, and screws there is nothing we can say that would not be beyond the comprehension of the public. The people generally were quiet, and not at all alarmed, notwithstanding the recent coup d'etat by the federalists and the partizans of Santa Ana, who are loud in denouncing the Government for want of energy. The state of the finances was presumed to be pretty low, as the officers in the employ of the Government complained of difficulty in obtaining payment of their salaries. Business was very dull. The publication of the new tariff law of the republic was expected to remain in force twenty days, when it would be changed. There was no fever, but it was generally feared that the yellow fever would prevail to a very aggravated extent at Vera Cruz.

PIN MAKING.

The Vermont Yankees are doing their share toward reducing the need of "pin money." A new Pin Making Machine has been contrived at Brattleboro', Vt., which works like an intelligent being, and is thus described by a traveller:—"Instead of the wire, there entered the head, then took the pin in its fingers and sharpened the point on several grindstones, and finally passed it behind the head to receive the comb. And all this was apparently without the intervention of any human agency. I believe all the feeding consisted in the supply of wire. After being whitened, the pins were poured into another machine, and there they were stuck themselves into paper with wonderful regularity."

A NEW MANUFACTURE.

Morus Multicaulis may, one of these days, be in full leaf again. We learn from an exchange that the manufacture of figured silk ribbons is about to be commenced in Bangor, Maine, on an extensive scale. The machinery of the kind has ever yet been established in this country. One of the parties concerned, Mr. Lloyd, a Swiss by birth, has effected a great saving in the business by substituting the power-loom for hand labor, and it is said that a loom constructed at one of the shops is able, with the assistance of a girl of only moderate skill, of weaving thirty-seven ribbons at the same time. The whole process connected with the machine can change the patterns at pleasure.

FUNNY BLUNDERS.

The British United Service Journal contains a paper on the subject of the defence and reinforcement of Canada, in which occurs the writer comments upon the absurdity of the British government, during the last war, in sending troops to the Canadas by the way of the lakes of Ontario. The Curator of New York, speaks of this, tells a story of an old English Salt who, on his way to Canada, "became more and more vehement and profane aspiration for a drink of water! Those old sea dogs had been serving Rum so long, that they came to imagine that the water alongside of them was drinkable. Such is the force of habit.

A HOAX.

It appears that the account of an accident in Ithaca, published in the papers of last week was a hoax. The man who can thus trifle with the sympathies of the public, and with the feelings of the friends of those whom he represents killed and wounded, deserves to be treated as a painful as his lying imagination can invent.

INCONVENIENT.

It is impossible to please everybody. Even the rain of the past week has not escaped censure. The newspapers record the case of at least one man who objects to the new postage law, that he is required to pay postage when the law he received but two dunning letter a week, and he now receives five or six per day.

ODD AND EVEN.

The Springfield Republican says that the leaf of that ilk are more generally associated in opposition to each other. This is apparent under the name of—"*Independent Order of Strange Fellows.*" Plenty of candidates for admission might be found every where.

MAILABLE MATTER.

The ladies, it is stated, now order and receive their work done by mail. This is quite a convenience to the ladies—whether their husbands like it or not. They had better receive lace veils than flimsy novels.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

SPRING—THE CEMETERY—BAS RELIEFS OF THEODORE KORNER—GERMAN METHOD OF TEACHING THE DEAF—THE KAISERSAAL—MENDELSOHN, THE COMPOSER.

Frankfort on the Main, April 20, 1845.

The first is a luxury to breathe. It is the perfection of the weather. Imagine the most delicious temperature of our Indian summer, and add to this a sky of the deepest blue, and a breeze filled with the odor of violets,—the most exquisite of perfumes—and you have some idea of it. The peach trees are just ready to bloom, and I have already heard the larks singing their first song in the country. I have been to the old city, with a very grave and serious air, as if conscious of the estimation in which they are held. Perhaps they call it the City of the arches, although they still look wintry, are filled with people, and the boatmen on the river, with their songs, and the merry laughter of an night, and in winter the rooms are warmed. In the watchman's chamber stands a stove, and every night and every morning, and opposite every hour is a little plate, which can only be moved two minutes before it should be, or the watchman would be neglected his duty at that time, he cannot move it afterwards, and it is seen by the spectator, and he is sure to be fined for neglect, and for the second or third offence dismissed. There are other rooms adjoining, containing the fire engines, and the hose, &c., and, notwithstanding all this, they say there has been no conflagration during the fifteen years it has been established. There is a regret, however, that the watchman neglected his duty, for the sound of the serpent actually arrived, and waked out into the streets, and the family live, who can tell in terror, and on the next day, the watchman is nearly dead, for want of the proper necessaries.

We afterwards went to the end of the Cemetery to see the tomb of Schopenhauer, the philosopher, who died in this city in 1860. He is a man, who was drowned in the Arne about fourteen years ago. The middle one represents Germania, with her shield and sword, and the beautiful female Angel of Death standing at his back, with one arm over his shoulder, and the other holding the wreath that drops from his sinking hand. The figures are exquisitely beautiful, and by his side stands a tablet in execution that reminded me of the Ariadne. On the right is the old, bearded river-god Arne, and on the left is a boy, by his side and writing. The left table contains the mother and two sisters of the young man, who are weeping for his loss, and by his side stands a female figure, with a slender dagger in her hand. She has since joined the lost brother, and the pure marble bust of her by Schoen, which stands in a niche above, has such a sweet and spiritual expression, that one would think it the face of an angel looking down on the mortals below. The young woman who showed us these, told us of Theodore Korner's visit to Frankfort, about three years ago. She described him as a beautiful and venerable old man, with long white locks hanging over his shoulders, and still vigorous and active. There seems to have been much resemblance between him and Jacob Otterbein, the "old regimentalist." I wished to obtain his autograph before leaving, and sent a note for that purpose. He sent a very kind note in answer, and added a chorus out the Wolfgang Korner, which he was then hard. After this, I could not repress the desire of speaking with him. He received me very friendly, and on learning I was an American, spoke with great interest of his visit to attend a musical festival in New York, but said he could hardly go. He told me to call on him if he happened to be in Liepsic or Dresden when we passed through, and spoke particularly of the fine music there. I have rarely seen a man whose countenance bore so plainly the stamp of genius. He has a glorious dark eye, and one of the most lofty and intellectual foreheads I ever saw. He is perhaps, about forty years of age, and has already acquired a name second to no living composer. He is a grandson of the celebrated Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelsohn, and exhibits very early the most striking proofs of genius, for an opera composed in his fourteenth year, was brought out with great success at Berlin.

J. B. T.

Local Intelligence.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

The following were the closing exercises of the term just completed, with the names of the pupils, &c.

Honorary Essay—George Dividson, The Progress of Science.

Essays—William Stephens, Importance of Education; Thomas Morris, Improvement of the Mind; Samuel Lawson, Improvement of the Mind; Casper U. Bribe, Value of Time; Thomas Hunter, Study of Nature; Edward Yarnall Lapsley, Advantages of Travelling; Henry J. Harrison Hedges, Thoughts on a Contented Mind; Thomas Hunter, Study of Nature; Charles Mc Carthy, Retrospection of a Student; William Lee Lawson, Usefulness of the Sciences; Edward Hermann, Powers of the Intellect; Richard J. Levis, Power of Imagination; Wm. Wilson Hunter, Literary Profession; Dominick Corcoran, The Progress of Science; Joseph C. English, The Dependence of Man; John J. Moran, Popular Education.

The following are the names of the pupils who have completed the two years' course:

William H. Yerx, The Progress of Civilization; John Mc Kee, Jr., Importance of Education; Thomas Hunter, Comparison between Science and Useful Knowledge; Henry Lefferts Lawson, Influence of Science; Edward Yarnall Lapsley, Advantages of Travelling; James W. Londerback, The Pleasures of the Artist; Richard J. Levis, Power of Imagination; Charles Mc Carthy, Duration of Time; Joseph C. English, The Dependence of Man; Thomas Maddock, The Past, the Present, and the Future; Wm. Wilson Hunter, Equality of the Human Race; Charles M. Lewis, Study of Nature; Thomas Morris, Study of Nature; Hubert Lewis Rich, Objects of a Noble Ambition; Wm. Lee Lawson, Usefulness of the Sciences; Edward H. Cheyney, Education; James Gay Gordon, Progress and Manners of the Season; George W. Alexander, Study of Nature; Edward Hermann, Powers of the Intellect; John O. Curtis, Measure of Man; Isaac E. Londerback, Literary Profession; Thomas McNamara, Improvement Mode of Trial for the Dead; James B. Harding, Study of Nature.

The Alumni Address was delivered by Mr. James Lynd, of the Class of February, 1840. The Valedictory Address by George Davidson, of the Graduating Class.

Intended occupations of the graduates are as follows:

Coder, (West Point,); Carpenter 1; Clerks 7; Gentleman 1; Currier 1; Engineers 2; Lawyers 2; Land Surveys 1; Farmer 1; Machinists 2; Mariner 1; Printers 2; Professional Teachers 2; Undecided 3.

EXCELLENT INVENTION

Mr. James Mauill, an experienced sail-maker of this city, has introduced a new mode of making sails, in which the leading peculiarity is that the cloth instead of being sewed together in perpendicular seams is sewed in diagonal ones. To a sailor a single glance shows the admirable benefits procured by this change, and the only wonder is, as in the case of a New Jersey lightning conductor man of the Yankee mould of thought, that the sails are strong enough to endure. The sails are strong; they keep their shape in a very much better manner, and the labor of making is lessened. In short they are inferior to the old ones in no respect, and in many are vastly superior. The sails that we have seen are of the finest quality of cotton duck, and the stitching is done by a machine with a looking-glass, in which they were shown the different positions of the organs of the mouth, and hands, and feet, and the vibrations of the throat and breast, produced by the sound. He took one of the youngest scholars, covered her eyes, and placing her hand upon his throat, articulated the second sound of A. She followed him, and the consonants were made distinctly, by placing her hand upon his lips. He gave us a hint that to choose any story for them to read, and they all read more or less distinctly. In order that we might be certain that they understood it, a little boy read it all with descriptive signs, which he made extremely natural and appropriate. The youngest scholar in the class was but about fifteen months old, by an inflammation of the brain. It was at the time a lively and beautiful child, and about two years after their bond sometimes passed by his father's house, and the, it seems, had been unconsciously fixed on memory, for in requesting a musical instrument by signs, he always accompanied it with a sound, though it was apparent he did not hear it himself. The Deaf-and-Dumb Institution is one another questions, all of which succeeded perfectly. Several of the more advanced pupils he sends around the city to exercise his orders.

One in particular, about fourteen years old, was remarkable for intelligence. He said his sister had been found in Southwestern, by a Frankfort merchant, in a horrible condition. She had been deserted about two years and a half before, and during all that time their father had neglected them till they were almost naked. A large quantity of snow fell into the street. The flood then entered the roof, making six large holes through the rafters, and from thence descended to the water in the basement to that vast quantities, and it is sent to all parts of the civilized world, and more recently to China. A little girl, father, and brother, had been confined in the same room, and they gave one a very good idea of the changing styles of royal costumes, from the time of Henry the Eighth down to the present day, and velvet robe. I looked with interest at a painting of Frederic Barbarossa, by Leasing, and thought of the popular tradition that he sits with his paladins in a mountain cave among the Alps of Tyrol, ready to come forth and assist his Fatherland in the hour of need. There was the sturdy form of Maximilian, the martial Conrad; and Otho, Sorgiends and Fogiennods in plenty—many of whom had moved a nation in their day, but are now dust and forgotten.

I paid a visit yesterday to Mendelsohn, the celebrated composer, and have since been out with a man who possessed me so favorably. Having heard some of his music this winter, particularly that magnificent opening to the 42d regimentalist." I wished to obtain his autograph before leaving, and sent a note for that purpose. He sent a very kind note in answer, and added a chorus out the Wolfgang Korner, which he was then hard. After this, I could not repress the desire of speaking with him. He received me very friendly, and on learning I was an American, spoke with great interest of his visit to attend a musical festival in New York, but said he could hardly go. He told me to call on him if he happened to be in Liepsic or Dresden when we passed through, and spoke particularly of the fine music there. I have rarely seen a man whose countenance bore so plainly the stamp of genius. He has a glorious dark eye, and one of the most lofty and intellectual foreheads I ever saw. He is perhaps, about forty years of age, and has already acquired a name second to no living composer. He is a grandson of the celebrated Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelsohn, and exhibits very early the most striking proofs of genius, for an opera composed in his fourteenth year, was brought out with great success at Berlin.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by Messrs Mussey, Jr. & Bently, T. J. Comstock, J. Hall, and Wm. Hamilton.
Mr. JAMES MEEKS, South, East and West.
Mr. JOHN STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON, South East Agents in Kentucky.
Mr. DAVID H. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.
DELAZIE T. JAMES is Agent for the Northern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by James E. Jones, Wm. Wood, Wm. Wood, Jr., Wm. Wood, 3d, Wm. Wood, 4th, Hezekiah Wood, and Wm. Wood, 5th.
THOMAS HOLT is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent for Virginia.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF THE REV. ANDREW FULLER. With a Memoir of his Life, by Andrew Gunton Fuller. Reprinted from the Third London Edition. Revised, corrected, and improved. Volume V. D. D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
This is a most serious, the first of three, which will complete the publication of the works of this eminent Christian. To the denomination the publication will be exceedingly welcome, and the Society have shown it to be both a considerable enterprise, and a high appreciation of the liberality of their brethren, when we are confident it will not be disappointed. When we speak of the author as a Baptist, we do not overlook the fact that all Christians of all denominations belong, in the one great family, and their works are the general property of faithful men of every denomination. But Fuller was a Baptist minister, which mark the denomination—but we find also the truly Catholic spirit belong to the Church Universal and world, and we dearly love to find Christians evidencing a liberalization of sectional theology in instances which we sometimes meet.
We have not room to notice the contents of this volume at length, but to mention the Letter to Ryland, on the Atonement, which indicated its composition in a manner free from the narrow sectarian sentiment, however common it may be in a voluminous and elaborate works of reference, a little offering by a layman, and seldom acceptable to the general reader.

HARPERS' BIBLE. As the numbers of this beautiful pocket work illustrated with engravings, appear, the subscription increases. The cuts with which are most appropriate to the Prophecies which is now in hand. The Book now in press, are truly beautiful, and superior, as a whole to the larger engravings.

JUDSON, Harper & Brothers have published in their pocket novel series, and we have received through Godey's Lady's Book, "Oliver Ellsworth" has no inclination of a previous tornado of equal violence in that town.

THE HERMIT'S JOURNAL. The second volume of this paper, published in New York has commenced under the sole charge of Mr. Edgar A. Poe. As a critical journal it will be read by many as an original work.

LADY CARLISLE.—Hooker has received a capital little song for those amateur performers, entitled "Lady Carlisle's Lament to Lake George and Companion. No traveller should want on that expedition without it.

☞ Mr. Thomas Nast, No. 8 of the original Tribune Edition of London's Lectures in this country, has been received by Zeiber & Co., and by T. B. Peterson.

Personal News.

☞ Mr. Joseph Jeffers, a soldier of the Revolution, died in Pinckney, Lewis County, N. Y., on the 28th ultimo, aged 84 years. Mr. J. was born in London Grove Bridge, on Maine, in August, 1760. His mother dying when he was only five years old, he was received into the family of a married sister, and lived with her until Mass., where he remained till he attained his fifteenth year, when he enlisted in the Continental service, and joined the army in Cambridge soon after the battle of Bunker Hill. He fought in the battles at Trenton and Princeton, in the summer of 1777, he was one of the detachment sent to Fort Stanwix, (now Rome, New York,) which was hemmed in for three months by British and Indians, under Col. St. Leger. He fought in the battle at Saratoga, and spent the following winter with the army at Valley Forge. He was at the battle of Monmouth, New Jersey, and one of the first who scaled the walls of the fort at Stony Point, under Gen. Wayne, which was carried at the point of the bayonet. He left the army in 1780.

☞ We understand that the vacancy occasioned in the Faculty of Arts of the University of Pennsylvania, by the resignation of the Professorship of Ancient Languages by the Rev. Dr. Wylie, has been supplied by the election of the Rev. George Allen, Professor of the Greek and Latin Language in Dickinson College. Professor Allen will, we are informed, enter upon the discharge of the duties of his department at the opening of the next session.

☞ At the recent commencement of the University of Pennsylvania, the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. John Pennington, of Philadelphia, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on Wm. Fegan, of Virginia. Mr. Wm. Hall, of South Carolina, Timothy Sharp, of Alabama; Joseph Sackett Hart, of Pennsylvania.

☞ A young lady named Moffatt, while viewing at the romantic scenery of Fall in the near Ithaca, on the 4th instant, fell from the rocks into the water, a distance of 83 feet, and sustained no injury but a slight bruise on the head. Friends sitting on the bank of the stream, and quite unconscious of the cause of her being there.

☞ James W. Hale, Ex-Independent Post Master, has sailed for England, in the Fidelia. On Friday evening last week a party of his friends gave him a collation at the American Hotel, New York, and in the course of the evening presented him with a rich silver cup as a mark of esteem.

☞ The papers announce the death, at Opelousas of Mr. Harrington De Flaugher, at the age of 66. He was a captain of the artillery at the battle of New Orleans, under General Jackson, and a member of the Legislature from that parish for the last ten years.

☞ At the recent commencement of Lagrange College, the degree of D.D. was conferred upon the Rev. Joseph Holdich, A. M., of the Wesleyan University, and that of LL.D. upon the Rev. H. B. Bascom, D.D., President of the Transylvania University.

☞ Among recent deaths we notice, at Rutherville, S. I., on Independence Day, that of Mr. Alanks Jones, a revolutionary soldier, in his 84th year. He was one of eleven children, of whom only two brothers now survive. He was born and ever lived in R.

☞ Nathan Aldier, a widower of 40, with 9 children, has been mulcted in the sum of $400 in an action for breach of marriage promise, brought by Miss Mary Ann Sherry, a maiden on the wrong side of 30, in the Steuben county court.

☞ Miss Lou. Fenelon, recently recovered of Mr. John Augenbaugh $1,650 for a breach of marriage promise, in Marion County, Ohio. How do juries get at these functional parts of a hundred dollars in such cases?

☞ Hon. Edward Cross, late a Representative in Congress, has been appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, in the room of Hon. T. J. Lacy, resigned.

☞ The National Academy of Design has presented its to Treasurer, Thomas S. Cummings, Esq., a handsome service of plate, in token of the appreciation merited by his long and valuable services for some twenty years.

☞ Rev. James H. Thornwell, Professor of the Evidences of Christianity in Columbia College, South Carolina, has been called to the Baltimore Second Presbyterian church, in place of Dr. Breckenridge.

☞ Gilbert Cahill, trustee of the M. E. church, in Old John street, for 56 years, and who has held various civil offices, is just dead in New York; he was father-in-law of Ely Moore.

☞ James Harper, Esq., late Mayor of New York, has been elected President of the Erie Railroad Company, in the place of E. Lord, Esq., resigned. Mr. H., however, declines to accept.

☞ Professor Morse is about to sail for Europe in August, but he will return in time for the session of Congress. He will carry with him an approved copy of his celebrated telegraph.

☞ Cumberland county, New Jersey, has given birth to seven Pines, is announced to address the Alumni of Williams College, Mass., at its next commencement in August.

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American Literature

THE INTELLECTUAL HISTORY, CONDITION, AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER I.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer

GENTLEMEN:—I propose, in a series of letters, to present a comprehensive view of what has been accomplished by the people of the United States, in Science, Reflection, Imagination, and Taste. The subject has not, since the days of Madame de Stael, engaged literature. The majority know little or nothing about it. Hence the interest I receive in the Senate and post-house, in the Quarterly Review and the Edinburgh. Both of these are surrounded by more than seven thousand volumes of British Literature, of which the world knows that there has been some intellectual activity here. I shall exhibit the results with the same impartiality as my ability and the acquired brevity of these letters will allow.

The first question that will occur upon the necessity of literature and art to a people's glory and happiness. Our fathers, indeed, cannot be consider them of no consequence; and while the Old World boasts of its Art, and the Old scholars and tokens for protection, the spreads of the Old buildings, the Old Universities have existence, without whose presence all mankind were brutal, are treated with disrespect. But authors and artists have never existed here, do exist here, after some sort, in the midst of a people who have surmounted the obstacles in our condition, and that miserable fact of ceaseless cavil, which appears every thing but the critic's own effusions to be worthless. Hence the English have said that we and States have done as much in the domains of Art as Greece, and that, consequently, in any twelve millions of people—about our average number for this period—it is needless to mention their names, dates, characteristics, to the successful cultivation of letters here. Hence they are not known, and their existence is generally supposed. The chief difficulty is to find a people for whose benefit preceding labors and perpetuated by the absence of a just law of copyright. There is, indeed, no lack of superious love of country which at this moment is the strongest sentiment we have but by per- but there is little genuine and lofty national feeling. Little clear perception of that which nearly deserves affection and applause; little intelligent and earnest effort to foster the good we possess, or acquire the good we need.

It has been the fate of colonists in all ages to despise the people from whom they made their exodus both mentally and intellectually and the present day the parent state has had the blame of the kind of sentiment which has been entertained by the American people. Having been nailed with England, conquered, became a nation, and ever since been in a state of hot war. Presidents and Congresses; but England continued to do the thinking of a large class of the people. She has been content to observe the name of critics—of our share sort of people in all directions. We have had no confidence in ourselves; and men who lack self-confidence are often miserable. We have not looked into our own hearts. We have not interrogated our own consciousness. If we have written, instead of giving a free voice to the feelings within us, we have endeavored to write after some foreign model. We have been afraid of nothing else as of an originator, an intruder of ignorance. He has been the greatest who has copied some cramulation popular with the most numerous class. He has been a great demagogue who affects to despise England while he was most anxious to be read and written there. And if one of our countrymen has acquired reputation among his fellows, it is generally because he has been first praised abroad.

The commonly urged barriers to literary advancement, the want of land in our form of government, the nature of our institutions, the restless and turbulent movements of our democracy, and the want of a wealthy and privileged class among us, deserve little consideration. Genius, learning, and taste, in all ages and countries, have had to struggle with poverty, and with every species of opposition. Their influence, their power, their glory, are to be found in the noble, the learned, the gifted, and the wise in every country. Their influence, their power, their glory, are to be found in the noble, the learned, the gifted, and the wise in every country. Their influence, their power, their glory, are to be found in the noble, the learned, the gifted, and the wise in every country.

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Casualties.

☞ On Monday week, at about 6 o'clock, P. M., a violent tornado passed over a part of the town of Ossco, Mo., destroying, in its passage, the house of Colonel John Goddard, taking the roof from the L part of his house, throwing down some walls, uprooting trees. The barn was one hundred feet in length, and was very strongly timbered. There were several sleighs and about a dozen bateaux on barn. A part of the bateaux was carried nearly a quarter of a mile by the wind, and all but three were ruined. The ubiquitous Yankee "Yankee Notions" of other inhabitants" has no inclination of a previous tornado of equal violence in that town.

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YANKEE SPECULATION.—A Yankee bi ommaker in Ohio, has leased twelve hundred acres of bottom land on the Scioto. It is reported, Columbus, and planted the entire in broom corn, with a view to export the crop to England, where he intends to present himself, and acquire extensively in the manufacturing of brooms, taking the wood for the handles, and the machinery used for the purpose. Should he succeed, the American broom corn are so much superior, for various uses, to any thing to be had in England, that they have become, within a few years past, quite a favorite in that country, and are now exported thither in large quantities.

FIRE IN CUBA.—A school of black fish malt their appearance at Newport, last week, whereupon a scene of great excitement ensued. The correspondent of the Providence Journal says: They received their first welcome from the boats of an outward bound whaler, which was then getting up a fleet of boats from the shore. The chase, the striking, and the towing in of the fish, were animating in the extreme. Before 11 o'clock, forty-one fish were said to be landed. They measured from 9 to 22 feet in length, and will each yield from 2 to 9 barrels of oil.

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Items of News.

☞ The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer of the 26th ult., says: "The tide of emigration to Texas, the season, has already commenced; large numbers pass through this place on their way to that country, and from them we learn that the number that will go out this Fall will greatly exceed that of any other year."

☞ In North Alabama, three cotton factories are in successful operation; one in Lauderdale, on Mogue and one in Madison county. Another, near Athens, is in the course of erection. The Scottsville factory, in Bibb, and the one at Tallapoosa Falls, are doing a profitable business.

The principal merchants and storekeepers of Pittsburg, have agreed to shut up their stores at 8 o'clock in the evening, in Summer and 7 in Winter, "Saturday nights" excepted. They have heretofore been in the habit of keeping open until 10 and 11 o'clock.

☞ The Oregon Bill, which passed the House, last session, established for a boundary all the territory lying west of the Missouri, south of the 49th degree of north latitude, east of the Rocky Mountains, &c., and not south of 42, 43, 44, 45, 46 and 54-40, as stated.

☞ The New Orleans Picayune, of the 3rd inst., says, we do not recollect any Summer within several years when so many have died from the effects of the intense heat of the sun as this. Yesterday we mentioned three cases —to-day we have two more.

☞ The St. Louis papers of the 4th inst., report the arrival there of a cargo of timothy seed from Burlington, Iowa, being the first cargo from a point so far North. It was put up in very superior style, and from appearance of a good article.

☞ A St. Louis paper says that Colonel S. Owens, has recently disposed of eighty thousand dollars in the bank of Lexington, for being the proceeds of a Santa Fe Expedition.

☞ The receipts of the Long Island Railroad Company, for the month of June, were about $28,000 and $29,000. For the first seven days of this month the receipts have been $3,200.

☞ A man calling himself a Kentuckian, has been committed for trial in London, Upper Canada, for endeavoring to induce some soldiers of the 81st Regiment to desert.

☞ All the proprietors of the daily newspapers in Richmond, Va., put their Monday papers to press on Saturday night, so as not to be obliged to work on Sunday.

☞ Virginia and Tennessee contain over fifty-eight thousand persons, over twenty-one years of age, who cannot read and write.

☞ The inmates of the Lunatic Asylum, at Utica, numbered the 4th of July. One of the patients delivered a good oration.

☞ Kongranis are pouring into St. Louis in large numbers. Last year 1,200 houses were built in that city.

☞ We see it stated that Fashion and Feylana are to run over the Long Island Course, in October next.

☞ A Synagogue is to be erected in New Haven.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

450 shares United Bank, 83½
100 do Wilmington R. R. 86
100 do Farmers' Bank, 100
10 do Philadelphia Bank, 100
10 do Mech. & Man. Bank, 100
10 do Pennsylvania Bank, 100
$500 Penn. 6's, 1854, 100
$1000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850, 100
$1000 do do do 100
$1000 Chess & Del. Canal 6's, 100
$1000 do do do 100

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes—No change. *Bark*—Quercitron is retailed at $28 per ton. *Beeswax*—Yellow is worth 25c. *Bristles*—Are in fair demand. *Coffee*—The only transaction reported is the sale of 1,000 bags Rio, at 7½c. *Cotton*—The market is quiet, but steady, and prices unchanged. *Flour and Meal*—The market is quiet, holders having advanced their prices—we find no sales of Corn Meal, and Rye Flour is worth $4.25. Sales of extra at $5.12½ a $5.25; and of family at $5.50 a $5.62½. Wheat—The receipts are light, and the market is firm. Sales of 2,000 bushels Southern red at $1.05 a $1.07; and of white at $1.10 a $1.12. Rye—Is in demand, and sales of 1,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 60c. Corn—The market continues dull, and with a large supply on hand, we quote old yellow at 57c a 58c, and white at 55c a 56c. Oats—Are in demand, and sales of 2,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 32c a 33c per bushel. *Provisions*

Selected Poetry.

POOR TOM.

BY FHAZMA.

There's a new moon now in the old church-yard,
And a few withered flowers entwineth it,
Also "for the people, by the friends of the world,"
Who sleeps in his shroud beneath it:
Poor Tom! Poor Tom!
A life rough-duty, to be ground over,
Till finished, and then to be buried;
And beside her light of the world's worry rest,
Shrouded out on the road before him.
Poor Tom!

All the joy that love and affection sheds,
Seemed to fling golden sparks on his path,
And the warmest hearts and the wisest heads,
Alike to their welcome did call him.
Poor Tom! Poor Tom!
He is sleeping now 'neath the willows' length,
We have the low-toned words are creeping,
As if to herald and to take,
While the eyes of the night are weeping.
Poor Tom!

Oh, the old church-yard with its new white stone!
Now I love, though I ne'er knew it,
And I linger oft 'mid its tombs alone,
For a shrine of the heart I view it.
Poor Tom! Poor Tom!
We were dear to him—Oh, time will undo
All the links of our love to never sever,
And also' long breaks, but never mends
The chain that 'twas broken!
Poor Tom!

In the old church-yard we have wandered all,
Lent in youths and friendly sewing;
And his eye was light, and he smiled as well,
Next with seal, as we raved, adoring.
Poor Tom! Poor Tom!
And we wondered then if we were sure,
Aught in life could our land thread together,
But—alas! again—we dreamed not when
Death should sever!
Poor Tom! Poor Tom!

On the very spot where the center was staked,
We have sat in the shade of the willow,
With a thousand hopes in our infant heads,
And the former has been his pillow
Poor Tom! Poor Tom!
Now Poor Tom lies cold in the churchyard old,
And his place may be filled by others;
But he will live here with a fourfold
For our souls were twinned like brothers.
Poor Tom!

There's a new moon now in the old church-yard,
And a few withered flowers entwineth it,
Also 'for the people' by the friends of the world,
Who sleeps in his shroud beneath it:
Poor Tom! Poor Tom!
In his early days, to be ground over,
Till finished, and then to be buried;
While the mindless throng of the world's worry rest,
Shrouded out on the road before him.
Poor Tom!

Personal Sketches.

PENCILLINGS OF POLITICIANS.

FROM THE BOSTON ATLAS.

Very few indeed, of the countless multitude who visit the national capital during each session, either for business or pleasure, omit to embrace the opportunity of attending the debates in the two Houses of Parliament, and of becoming acquainted with the personal appearance of those with whose names, through the medium of the public journals, they have already been made familiar. But as there are many in this country who never have, and in all probability never will, cross the Atlantic, I have been induced at the request of several readers of this paper, to introduce them a few of the prominent speakers in the British Parliament, especially those whose names are familiar on this side of the water.

It is by no means, I am sorry to say, so easy a matter to procure admission into the House of Parliament in England, as it is to get into the halls of legislation in America. Unless an order from a member of the lower House be obtained, the doors of the "Commons" are guarded against the petitioner for entrance; and to enter the House of Lords, a Peer's order is necessary, and that is by no means easily procurable. Indeed, hundreds of individuals are daily barred the privileges of entry, from sheer inability to procure the necessary documents, and many will not incur the risk of a refusal from a mere pound member or a haughty lord.

My first visit to the council of the British nation, was paid before the old House of Parliament were burned down. I did not know so much about legislative assemblies then as I do now, and in my greenness supposed that the sitting of a parliament was a very grave and dignified affair indeed. Provided with an order from the member in Parliament from my native city, I presented it at the door-way of the gallery, and, after quietly awaiting for the many vigorous efforts, I managed to wriggle into a back seat in the gallery allotted to the public, whence I had a tolerable view of the House and its members.

"What a bear garden!" was my exclamation of surprise, as I looked down on the immense House. It was an oblong apartment, ill lighted and badly ventilated, on the walls were hung old tapestries, which more resembled the refuse of a rag-shop, than anything else. In a chair, at the upper end, sat the Speaker, grotesquely attired in a wig, and on either side of the apartment were arranged benches, placed parallel with the side walls, and in the centre of the floor was an open space.

The members and supporters of the Government sat on one side of the House, and the opposition on the other. Some were lolling listlessly on their seats,—many were stretched, at their full length, asleep, on the back benches,—some were conversing,—and all, with the exception of the member who was addressing the House, had their hats on. A member was making a speech, but not a word of his address could I hear, owing to the multitudinous noises which assailed my ears; it was to me all dumb show. Now an honorable member would imitate the crowing of a cock—then the barking of a dog would arouse a peal of laughter—cries of "oh! oh!" and "hear! hear!" were every moment heard—and what with all this, and the noise made by the members in moving about, stamping at the floor of his shop, he dimmed my attention, and before I knew where was going on the other side of the street. The stranger was ignorant of the fact that the old gentleman, pure red and white complexion, hair white as the driven snow, and face as full of benevolence as could have been very powerful. His face wore a pleasant smile, and his bearing was quite personality. It was Hunt; he had then gained Parliament, and was travelling on the business, he being a noted naval facturer of the "matchless blacking." He called, in the course of the morning, at my friend's shop, and accepted his invitation to dine with him. I was also invited time I have seldom passed! for Mr Hunt's career had been a remarkable one, and he was full of anecdote respecting the various celebrated men of his day.

He was very busy indeed against Mr. now Sir Robert Peel, and told me that no one occasion that he later had, to see place in Parliament, he and him with being a tradesman. I was out in my seat, when the remark was made, but I soon after entered the House, and some one told me that Peel had said, that of the Do I rose and admitted the fact that I was a blacking manufacturer, and that I was proud of the fact of my family who ever was a tradesman, but the honorable member is the first of his who ever was a gentleman.

He hated O'Connell with a perfect hatred, and said that he was the greatest hypocrite breathing. He averred that he knew it to be a fact that Sir Francis Burdett had charged for a house in Merrion Square, Dublin, in which was a painting of the "Crucifixion—and that I used O'Connell's habit to suffer himself to be carried pig-a-back from the entrance, to any place he desired to impress with an idea of his sanctity. I forgot now half of the anecdotes and tales he told us, but they were very interesting. He had a quick perception of the infirmous, and told a story well; but he was full of his own deeds, and of the power which he once possessed. His description of the manner in which a man-mace was very graphic; but it would possess little interest for you, and I take leave of Hunt, only remarking that in a few months after I met him, he was again shown the way to plenty, while travelling on his chaise, and died in a few hours.

Since the burning of the Houses of Parliament, the place—especially the business of the session has been transacted was held for merely temporary use. During the great reform debates, I was fortunate enough to procure a Speaker's order, which admitted me to the body of the House, or at least to that part of it situated under the gallery, allotted to the use of the public. Occasionally, too, I succeeded myself in the reporters' gallery, as I was intimate with some of the gentlemen connected with the morning journals; and I will venture to assert that the graphic journal can add forthing amusement, there is no place, during a dull debate, to be compared with the reporter's quarters; during a brisk fight between Lions is, of course, time for little else than scuffling.

By far the best reporters on the London press are Hutchings, all of them, of course, well educated, and many of them members of learned professions. Occasionally they play pranks of their own on any unfortunate who may enter on their sacred premises; one of the tricks I heard of I will mention.

A few years since a member of the Society of Friends, by some means or other, got into the reporters' gallery. In the course of the debate in which he was listening, a long pause occurred, and one of the reporters, finding the gentleman fast asleep, by calling out, at the top of his voice, "A song from the Speaker!" set both the audience of the rules of the House caused, of course, the greatest surprise; and, on the sergeant, a member, the supposed assassin was despatched to the gallery, for the purpose of taking the offender into custody. On the officer's entering the reporters' box, the man of the law found the owner of the disturbance ably pointed out the Quaker to the functionary, and the latter, of course, immediately taken into custody, from which he was not released until an explanation of the affair was made.

Let us suppose ourselves in the House of Lords, during some interesting debate. We are crowded together below the bar, but can, nevertheless, get a good view of the forms of the Peers. The Lord Chancellor (Cottenham,) wig and gown crowned, is sitting on woolsack, (a huge sack, covered with scarlet cloth,) and before him is the mace, and opposite to him are the throne of England, of which, by virtue of his office, he is the keeper. Near him sit the twelve Judges, all in full dress, with their robes trimmed with ermine; and at his side are the late learned Bishops.

The Peers are dressed in plain clothes, as they always are, indeed, excepting on the occasions of the Queen's opening, proroguing or dissolving Parliament, when they participate in a levee of them, by the resemblance they bear to certain personages in the costume of H. R. or Punch. For instance, look at that tall, ungainly figure, which leans carelessly against the back of the bench. Mark those straight trousers, of dark check—those unbuttoned boots—that rusty, ill-cut coat—that voluminous neck-cloth, in whose folds the chin is half buried—attention is the last we can devote the owner of those shabby habiliments, and, without a glance at the face beneath, you will not make a mistake about the Lord who is assiduously employed in reading, perhaps a letter, or one of the numerous papers in the Times. More probably he is, or fancies himself to be, asleep—for see how gravely his eyes are twinkle, how nervously agitated are his brows—how his mouth twitches, despite its gravity and large curves, and how that "little pendicle" of his nose, the very agony of repose, he springs to his feet, and having caught the Chancellor's eye, he raps the paper sufficiently with the back of his right hand, while the words "breach of privilege," are echoed from every part of the House. Then—who else on earth can it be? "None but himself can be his parallel." Some such remark as this fourth a democratic flood against, and empties the contents of his wrath upon the unlucky print, while he compares ut, regarding him with mingled scorn, amusement and amazement.

Lord Brougham's oratory would not at first strike you as eloquence. His voice is harsh, unmusical, and even grating. In action, too, he is far from being effective. But see him when he is fairly roused, and you will not wonder at the sensation he excites. Now he is at his best—now he is the wielder of his terrible weapons of sarcasm and invective. Now he is in his element, and it may be added, I hope, without being irreverent, "greatly to be feared." Now he is the leader himself into a fury, and then, woe to the victim! He will neither show mercy nor ask merciless infliction. Yet in home life he is the kindest-hearted, and I had some slight opportunity, about two years since, of seeing him in the parlor at different times, and for hours together.

A young artist, named Evans, residing at Sydenham, in Monmouthshire, commenced, assisted by the Mechanics' Institute of that place in which a full length portrait of Lord Brougham for their large room; and the noble artist being made aware of the circumstance, he determined the artist proceeded to London for the purpose of executing the commission. He was not at the time, and accompanied the artist an hour or two, during which time I had the chance to admire the exceeding gentleness of the father of his invalid child. And I am sure he will be recognized, in the anxious parent, the bellicose leader of Reform, the fierce denouncer of abuses: but Coleridge's is actually beautiful. Some slightly wild the poetical mind, in the week's Magazine, Warree, author of the Diary of a late Physician, &c. &c. &c. I do not exactly remember his words, and I have not the work by me to refer to, but I am sure in effect that Coleridge's features bore a most perfect resemblance to the faces of the Saviour, as we see them in the pictures painting by the old masters. I have looked on Coleridge's countenance often, and saw from it, as far as at every new glance. As a Judge he ranks high in the profession, but his